

Jodi Pegner
Sept 16, 2011
Con Hall

Program

Wedding Cantata BWV 202,
Movements 2-6

J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

2. Recit.: Die Welt wird wieder neu...
3. Aria: Phöbus Eilt mit schnellen Pferden
4. Recit.: Drum sucht auch amor sein vergnügen
5. Aria: Wenn die Frühlingslufte Streichen
6. Recit.: Und dieses ist das glücke...

Goethes' Women

Gretchens Bitte
Suleika I.
Mignon I
Philine

Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Cocardes

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

1. Miel de Narbonne
2. Bonne D'Enfent
3. Enfent de Troupe

Intermission

The Red, Red Heart Cycle

John Greer (1954-)

The Beginning
Naked In the City Streets
My Mother's Hands
Red, Red Heart

Emily Dickenson Poems

Nature the Gentlest Mother
Alabaster Wool
If I

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Ernst Bacon (1898-1990)

Lori Laitman (1955-)

La Danza

Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Reception to follow in the upper hall

Program Notes & Translations

Bach Wedding Cantata

The world again is new,
To hilltops and the valleys
Would gracious charm be twice as fair united,
The day is from the chill now free.

Phoebus hies with darting horses
Through the re-awakened world.
Yea, since to him it brings delight,
He himself would be a lover.

Thus seeketh Amor, too, his pleasures,
When purple on the meadows laughs,
When Flora's glory is adorned,
And when in her domain,
Just like the flowers fair,
E'en hearts in passion triumph.

When the vernal breezes ramble
And through bright-clad meadows blow,
Amor, too, is wont to venture
Out to witness his great pride,
Which, as we believe, is this,
That one heart the other kiss.

And this is that true gladness,
That through a lofty gift of fortune
Two spirits one rich gem discover,
In which much health and blessing sparkle.

Gretchen's Bitte

Gretchen is praying to Mother Mary in a chapel

Ah lean down, you who are full of sorrow,
incline your gracious face toward my distress!

A sword in your heart, with a thousand agonies, you gaze at your dead son.
You look up to His Father, and send up sighs for his and your misery.

Who can feel how insidiously the pain eats my very bones?
What my poor heart now dreads here, what makes it tremble and what it craves?

Only you can know, only you alone! Wherever I go, all the time,
how it aches, how I grieve here inside my heart!

Ah, I am hardly alone before I start weeping and weeping,
my heart breaking within me.

Suleika I

Texts from Marianne von Willemer (1784-1860) with
whom Goethe had a literary and possibly literal love affair

What does the motion mean? Does the East wind bring glad tidings?
The refreshing movement of its wings chills the heart's deep wound.

It plays gently with the dust, chasing it into light clouds.
And drives the happy insect people to the security of the vine-leaves.

It softly tempers the sun's incandescence, and chills my hot cheeks,
As it flees it kisses the vines which are prominent on the fields and hills

And its soft whispering brings me a thousand greetings from my friend
Before these hills dim, I will be greeted by a thousand kisses.

And so as you go on your way serving friends and the saddened.
There where high walls glow, I shall soon find my dearly beloved.

Oh, the true message of his heart, loves-breath, refreshing life
Comes only from his mouth, can be given to me only by his breath.

Mignon I

Don't ask me to speak - ask me to be silent,
for my secret is a solemn duty to me.
I wish I could bare my soul to you,
But Fate does not will it.

At the right time, the sun's course will dispell
the dark night, and it must be illuminated.
The hard rock will open its bosom; and
ungrudgingly, the earth will release deep hidden springs.

Others may seek calm in the arms of a friend;
there one can pour out one's heart in lament.
But for me alone, a vow locks my lips,
And only a god has the power to open them.

Philine

Do not sing in mournful tones of the loneliness of Night.
No; it was, o tender, fair ones, made for companionship.

As woman was given to man to be his better half,
so is Night half of life, and certainly the better half.

Can you delight in the day, which only interrupts joy?
It is good for distraction, but of use for nothing else.

But when, in that nocturnal hour, the sweet lamps' twilight flows,
and from mouth to neighboring mouth pour jests and love;
when that quick, scampish boy who hurries, wild and fiery,
often toying with a small gift in light play to pass the time;
when the nightingale sings to sweethearts a little song full of love,
which to the imprisoned and troubled sounds only like sighs and moans;

with such a lightly stirring heart do you not listen to the bell,
that, with twelve measured strokes promises repose and safety?

Thus, in the long day, mark it well, dear heart:
every day has its troubles, and the night has its pleasure.

Cocardes

Le Groupe des Six

Milhaud and five other young French composers-Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Francis Poulenc, and Germaine Tailleferre-formed Les Six, a group in which the poet and playwright Jean Cocteau served as an important catalyst. In *Notes Without Music*, Milhaud described the group's regular Saturday evenings:

The formation of the Group of Six helped to draw the bonds of friendship closer between us. For two years we met regularly at my place every Saturday evening. Paul Morand would make the cocktails, and then we would go to a little restaurant at the top of the Rue Blanche. The dining room of the Petit Bessonneau was so diminutive that the Saturday customers filled it completely. They gave free rein to their high spirits... After dinner, lured by the steam-driven roundabouts, the mysterious booths, the "Daughter of Mars", the shooting galleries, the games of chance, the menageries, the din of the mechanical organs with their perforated rolls seeming to grind out simultaneously and implacably all the blaring tunes from the music halls and revues, we would visit the Fair of Montmartre, or occasionally the Cirque Madrano, to see the Fratellinis in their sketches, so steeped in poetry and imagination that they were worthy of the *Commedia dell'Arte*. We finished up the evening at my house. The poets would read their poems, and we would play our latest compositions. Some of them, such as Auric's *Adieu New York*, Poulenc's *Cocardes* and my *Boeuf sur le toit* were continually being played. We even used to insist on Poulenc's playing *Cocardes* every Saturday evening: he did so most readily. Out of these meetings, over which a spirit of carefree gaiety reigned, many a fruitful collaboration was to be born...

Red, Red Heart Song Cycle
Texts by Marianne Bindig

Emily Dickenson Poems set by American Composers

La Danza

Text: Carlo Pepoli, Conte (1796-1881)

Already the moon dips into the sea,
My goodness, she'll jump right in;
The hour is pleasant for dancing,
and no one in love would want to miss.

Swiftly dancing round and round,
My dear ladies, come to me,
See a handsome smiling fellow
Willing to dance with every one.

While the evening star shines in the sky
And the moon glows brightly,
The most handsome with the fairest
Will dance the night away.

Jump, jump, turn and turn,
Every couple circling round,
Back and forth and over again
And return where you began.

Hold on tightly to the blonde,
Take the brunette here and there,
take the redhead for a turn,
the wallflower you better don't touch.

Hooray for dancing round and round,
I'm a king, a pasha too,
This is the greatest pleasure on earth,
And the dearest passion? !

Mamma mia, my goodness...

Biography

Jodi Penner is a recipient of the Beryl Barnes Award, Carol Mallet Award and Johann Strauss Scholarship Award. She has also been a Teacher's Assistant in the Vocal Area for the University of Alberta for two years.

Jodi earned her B.A. in Music from Liberty University and received honors in history. Jodi has taught voice and performed professionally for the last 11 years in theatre, opera, chorus and as singer/songwriter. She has performed with Rosebud Theatre, The Canadian Badlands Passion Play, Canadian Chamber Choir, Operafestival di Roma, Opera Roanoke, Edinburgh Festival Fringe, and Redwood Symphony Orchestra. She is also a recipient of a Canada Council for the Arts Award.

In 2007, Jodi released a solo album entitled *Tree In a Storm*.

Jodi will be teaching private voice in Edmonton and singing with the Edmonton Opera Chorus this coming year as well as other performance contracts.

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Masters of Music in Vocal Performance for Jodi Penner.

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- ❖ ~Most of all, I thank the Lord for giving me grace, strength and joy in sharing the gift.

